

# The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1848.

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## GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE.—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—  
How—this little book will tell.

IV.

THAT is Italia, which I have just quitted. The roads are still dusty—  
Still is the foreigner duped, let him take heed as he will.  
Search ev'ry nook, and no trace of the German truth you'll discover.  
Here are motion and life, all without order and aim;  
Each takes care of himself—grows vain, and mistrusts ev'ry other.  
Those who govern the state also regard but themselves.  
Fair is the land indeed; but again I shall find no Faustina.  
That is Italia no more, whence I departed with grief.—J. O.

## ALBONI.

We have at least fifty letters before us demanding the age and birth-place of this divine *cantatrice*. We are enabled to satisfy the curiosity of our correspondents.

MARIETTA ALBONI was born on the 10th of March, 1826, at Citta di Castello, in Romagna. She was baptised at nine o'clock on the evening of her natal day. Her age is therefore 22 years, one month, and five days.

The 10th of March henceforth should be marked among the saint's days—as St. Alboni's day—for Alboni boasts as many and as ardent worshippers as ever did saint.

## HECTOR BERLIOZ.

The letter of our enthusiastic *collaborateur*, C. G. Rosenberg, has attracted general attention to the position and claims of this eminent musician. Let us hope that it may not pass unheeded by the Philharmonic Society.

A concert of Berlioz's music, directed by the composer, would be a great novelty and a great attraction at Her Majesty's Theatre or at the Royal Italian Opera. We call the attention of the directors of either establishment to this point.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *Ernani* and *Thea* were repeated. We have nothing to remark but the continued improvement of Cruvelli, who gains on every hearing. As her sincere friends, however, we heartily wish her well rid of Maestro Verdi, whose music at times necessitates rather screaming than singing, and is enough to nip the bud of any young artist's promise. In *Lucrezia Borgia*, however, we expect great things of Madlle. Cruvelli, and shake hands with her by anticipation, with many felicitations on a success she can scarcely fail to achieve.

On Tuesday, *I due Foscari* and *Fiorita* constituted the entertainments. Again we admired the young and beautiful Cruvelli; again we wished her safely delivered of "Young

Verdi;" and again we made vows for her *avenir*. Coletti made his usual hit in the last scene of the *Doge*.

Thursday was an extra night. The performances were various. First, the *Nino*, happily shortened by the omission of an act (the first), brought Madlle. Abbadia again before the public, and justified all we advanced in our article of the week before last. Madlle. Abbadia sang much better, and acted with much less unrestricted *abandon*. The audience were kinder to her, which was a great point in her favour. Still her *success* has not yet been achieved—at least, such a success as we should wish for so amiable an artist as Madlle. Abbadia. This, however, is to come, and, with time, we have little doubt that it will come. Madlle. Vera, having got partially rid of her nervousness, made a much better effect than on her *debut*, and was encored in her cavatina, which she sang very well. Coletti was impressive and effective in *Nino*.

After *Nino* came "God Save the Queen," which was sung with acclamations, and encored in the teeth of a foreign gentleman, who obstinately retained his seat in a private box, mangle the angry protestations of the crowd.

A selection from the ballet of *Coralia* introduced the *Deutschen-Rhein* waltz for the ladies of the *ballet*, and Marie Taglioni's *Pas de la Rosiere*, which as usual was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

But the grand event of the evening was the *rentree* of Lablache, "Papa Lablache," who has been judiciously styled "the imitable." His appearance, by the side of his clever son, Frederick, was the signal for a tremendous volley of cheers and applause, that seemed as though it would never end. He chose the scene from *Il Matrimonio Segreto* for the occasion, in which occurs the comic duet, well known to every frequenter of the opera. Need we say that it was sung to perfection, with a humour at once original and hearty, and a power of voice that has never known its equal? Frederick sang and acted up to his admirable progenitor with thorough good-will, and the result was a universal shaking of sides, a unanimous broad-grin, and a boisterous clapping of hands: Lablache is still Lablache—as great and incomparable as ever. May he live a thousand years! We shall never see his like again.

The performances concluded with *Fiorita*, in which Rosita and Marie Taglioni captivated endless hearts, and won their old triumphs over again. In the course of the evening the band played the overture to the *Siege of Corinth*, which was very effective, and proved Balfe's good generalship.

To-night *Lucrezia Borgia* is positively to be given, with the long and eagerly anticipated Madlle. Schwartz in Alboni's part. May she turn out as good as her great contemporary.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*Semiramide* was repeated on Saturday. The house was fuller, and the audience more fashionable than on any previous evening of the season. Grisi had recovered from her slight

indisposition, and sang with extraordinary effect. Alboni was in wondrous voice, and never warbled more lusciously, or vocalised more perfectly. Tamburini, also, was in excellent cue, and obtained great applause in his principal scenes. The performance of Saturday was, consequently, a rare operatic feast. There is, however, one drawback to the representation of *Semiramide*—its inordinate length. The first act occupies two hours and a half, and the second is not much shorter. But the directors of the Royal Italian Opera have pledged themselves to give the works of the masters entire, and to have recourse to the pruning knife would be a direct infraction of their pledge. On the other hand the music of *Semiramide*, however grand and beautiful, hangs fire occasionally, and the *libretto* is one of the least interesting in the repertory of Italian opera. To the amateur the beauties of the opera can hardly offer compensation for the length of the scene, and the tedium of the story. The great difficulty, however, is what to omit. The first duet between Semiramide and Assur is generally left out; but then Grisi and Alboni would lose one of the best opportunities for exhibiting their vocalisation in the whole opera; so that it would be scarcely advisable to leave it out. The duet between Assur and Arsace is, from the difficulty it presents to the barytone, but rarely introduced; omit this, and Tamburini would be compelled to forego one of his most impressive displays of acting and singing, and Alboni one of her greatest vocal triumphs. The famous "In si barbara," too, is not unfrequently passed over; but who now, since Alboni has made it popular, would sanction the opera without this splendid effort of the great *contralto*. Assur's scene before the tomb of Nino has never been attempted in England except by Tamburini. With the exception of the *cabaletta*, the weakest thing in the opera, and quite unworthy of Rossini, the scene is written with power, and, as played by Tamburini, is highly dramatic. Yet this, we fancy, might be omitted without much loss to the interest of the piece or the music. With the concerted music it would be dangerous to interfere. We would not willingly lose a note of the first finale, which contains some of the composer's finest writing, and is, besides, singularly powerful and dramatic; in short, it is almost impossible to shorten the opera materially without losing some of its beauties.

On Saturday evening we witnessed a scene of enthusiasm but rarely manifested by an English audience. The occasion was certainly favorable to call into play the sluggish fires that flicker in the bosom of John Bull. After the opera, when Grisi, Alboni, and Tamburini obtained the honors of a recall, and had just retired, on a sudden Costa rose from his seat, lifted his *baton*, and the band in full strength gave out the national anthem. An instantaneous burst of applause broke forth from the vast assembly, and everybody rose as if by the word of command. When the band had played "God Save the Queen" through, the curtain went up and exhibited the whole corps of the Royal Italian Opera, vocal, choral, and choreographic, on the stage, marshalled in front by Grisi, Alboni, and Tamburini. The cheering was now tremendous, and continued for several minutes, till the very walls of the theatre rang again with reiterated shouts. The scene was exciting beyond all possible belief. Silence was at length restored, and Grisi sang the first verse of the anthem, which was a signal for another vehement display of loyalty. But when Alboni commenced the last verse, and in her luscious and expressive tones, gave out the lines, "Confound their politics," "Frustate their knavish tricks," the enthusiasm of the audience exceeded all bounds. When the anthem was concluded the orchestra and the whole company joined in the

demonstrations of the audience. Never, within the walls of a theatre, have we witnessed so extraordinary a display of excitement. The roar of the multitude must have scared the Chartists assembled in convention, even in the locality of Fitzroy Square.

The evening's entertainment concluded with the new *divertissement*, in which Mademoiselle Wauthier, an elegant and accomplished *danseuse*, made her *début*. She was received with great favor, but we shall defer a critical notice of her dancing until we have seen her again, premising that her *début* was in a clever and admirably arranged *Pas de caractère*, composed for her by her husband, Signor Casati, of Milan, and that she was eminently successful.

The long-expected and much-desired *Cenerentola* was announced for Tuesday, but from some untranspired cause, the *Barbiere* was given instead. The postponement of this, one of the comic *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rossini, partly disappointed and partly pleased us. We were disappointed inasmuch as we were naturally anxious to see Alboni in a character in which she created such a *furore* in Paris, and Tamburini in his great part of Dandini, which won him his first triumphs in London and in Paris. Again we felt no small degree of pleasure that *Cenerentola* was not performed on Tuesday evening, because we were dissatisfied with the part of Don Ramiro being allotted to Signor Linci Mei, who, although a pains-taking and creditable artist, is hardly suited to a character which was one of Rubini's favorite representations, and the one which he selected for his first appearance in Paris. The directors of the Royal Italian Opera, having pledged themselves that the works produced at their theatre shall be given in the completest form, are bound to assign so important a part as the Prince in *Cenerentola* to one of the leading tenors: nor can we imagine any reason why Mario or Salvi should reject a character which constituted one of the principal features in the repertory of Donzelli and Rubini. It would be moreover decidedly unfair to Alboni to provide a tenor not thoroughly competent to sing the music, as much that is important in the score, and upon which depend most of Cenerentola's efforts, vocal and dramatic, is comprised in her duets and concerted pieces with Don Ramiro. We trust that the directors have viewed the cast under this light, and that they have postponed the performance in consequence. Of one thing we are quite certain—that the Opera will not be efficiently played unless Mario, or Salvi, add his name to the list of the dramatis personæ, and unless the part of the elder sister be in the hands of an artist of distinction—Corbari or Steffanoni for example.

Tuesday gave us the second performance this season of the ever-welcome *Barbiere*. It was magnificently played, and was certainly an improvement on the first representation. Salvi was in good voice, and sang and acted with great spirit. Persiani again exhibited all the marvellous resources of her art, and again electrified the house in the "Nel cor piu." It is the general impression concerning this accomplished vocalist that she sings better this season than ever she did previously on the London boards, and we are inclined to coincide with this opinion. She may, without the least impropriety, be styled the vocal Paganini, so astonishingly finished is her execution. Notwithstanding this, we have too much reverence for Rossini, and experience too much delight in his exquisite melodies, to hear them frittered away in vocal displays however surprising or wonderful, without experiencing great disappointment. Neither are we pleased that the music, intended by Rossini for a contralto, or a low *mezzo-soprano*, should be consigned to a high *soprano*. Madame Persiani's voice is decidedly

too high for Rosina, and in the concerted music, which precludes the possibility of transposition, this is disadvantageously felt. In the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io Son," and the trio, "Ah qual Colpo," many of the phrases are so varied and elaborated, to suit the register of the singer's voice, and to display her talent in excessive ornament, as to be scarcely recognisable. It is not the province of a real artist to sacrifice a composer's meaning at the shrine of individual display. Madame Persiani may find it convenient to alter the music of Rosina, to bring it within the limits of her vocal capabilities, but, on the other hand, Madame Persiani is not compelled to sing the music of Rosina at all. We yield to no one in our admiration of this artiste, incomparable in her own line, but we would rather hear Rossini's music as it is written, than modified, attenuated, and finally smothered in unmeaning *broderies*, with whatever cleverness and brilliancy this may be accomplished.

Ronconi's Figaro is prodigiously fine, overflowing with animal spirits, replete with the drollest humor, artistic, mercurial, and thoroughly original. He was greater on Tuesday than on Saturday, and was again encored in the "Largo al factotum," which he sang with immense power and effect.

Rovere's Bartolo on Tuesday was nothing short of excellent. His acting was instinct with dry quaint humor, and his singing spirited and musician-like. The grand air in E flat, one of the finest in the opera, was given with unwonted power and effect, and with a conscientious adherence to the text. Our opinion of Signor Rovere's capabilities is much higher than it was last season. We then thought him a zealous and careful artist, but nothing beyond it; his continental reputation we considered to be overrated. But we now hold him fully deserving of his fame. He sings without the least pretension, is a good musician, and a racy and original actor. He is undoubtedly a first-rate *buffo*, in the real Italian style, and one of the most useful members of the operatic corps.

In consequence of Tagliafico's indisposition, Polonini undertook the part of Basilio at a few hours' notice, and, all things considered, acquitted himself most honorably. He sang "La Calunnia" with great energy and point—perhaps too much of the latter, since he emphasised almost every note, a practice we recommend him to avoid for the future. Nevertheless, Polonini's acting was easy, natural, and amusing, and the theatre must be congratulated on the possession of an artist so ready and willing at all times, and, furthermore, so generally capable, both as an actor and a singer.

In our last notice we should not have omitted bestowing a favorable word on Madame Bellini for her performance of the small part of Bertha. Her singing that deliciously quaint song, "Il vecchio cerca moglie," was capital. Madame Bellini has just so much voice as the *aria* requires, and just the style of voice that fits it, and she herself has just the amount of art and reverence for art to do it strict justice.

The opera was received with great applause throughout, and the principals were recalled after each act. When the singers had been summoned and made their exit, the audience called for "God Save the Queen," a call to which Mr. Costa, never unprepared for an emergency, responded without hesitation, and the curtain rising discovered, as on Saturday, the stage crowded with nearly the whole strength of the theatre, among whom the audience recognised Alboni, and welcomed her with vociferous cheers. Persiani gave the first verse of the anthem, and Alboni the last. The excitement was not so great, by any means, as on the Saturday, although Alboni's verse roused her hearers to a pitch of unusual enthusiasm.

After the opera the *divertissement* was performed.

On Thursday, a grand extra night, the announcement of

*Don Giovanni*, and the first appearance of Mario and Corbari, attracted the most crowded audience of the season. Five minutes after the doors were opened not a seat in the house was to be had. An unwelcome announcement informed the public that Grisi was prevented by indisposition from appearing. Bills were posted all over the theatre stating that Madame Castellan had kindly undertaken to perform *Donna Anna* at a very short notice (since four o'clock in the afternoon.) Although the house was crowded to excess we have seldom witnessed a less enthusiastic audience. The overture, played to perfection, did not obtain one single hand of applause; and several of the finest things in the opera were listened to with the like apparent frigidity. Either there were no musicians in the house, or the musicians did not applaud—in whichever case "shame on the musicians." One thing is certain, and that is, there was not one single *clacqueur* in the theatre. These gentlemen are not generally hand-tied. The first hearty burst of applause greeted Mario on his entrance, and proved that there were several among the audience who could appreciate the Prince of Tenors if they had no sympathy for Mozart. Besides the substitution of Madame Castellan for Grisi in *Donna Anna*, the cast differed from that of last year, inasmuch as Polonini played Masetto, and a certain M. Rache the *Commendatore*, a change severely felt, and which much diminished the effect of Tamburini's greatest effort. Tagliafico was really fine last season as the *Ghost*, and tended in no small degree to enhance the grandeur and sublimity of this marvellous scene. But Tagliafico's confirmed illness upset every thing. M. Rache is by no means an efficient *commendatore*. But it was lucky to get, at a few hours notice, so good and careful a Masetto as Polonini.

Madame Castellan, as *Donna Anna*, did all her art and talents could effect to render the part interesting, but the character is out of her line, and the recollection of Grisi was fatal to her. It would not be fair to criticise the charming *cantatrice* too nicely in this instance. We should rather bestow all praise on her for undertaking so arduous a part at a moment's notice, heedless of the inevitable consequences of a comparison. Moreover, it is but just to state that Mad. Castellan sang the exquisite air "Non mi dir," in the second act, as beautifully as we recollect to have heard it, no matter by whom.

Mademoiselle Corbari was welcomed most cordially on her entrance as *Elvira*. Her voice has wonderfully improved in power and quality, and she sings with more ease and finish than she did last year. Her first song, "Ah! chi mi dici mai," was beautifully given, and elicited great applause, while the elaborate passages of the rondo, "Mi tradi," were vocalised with exquisite grace and finish. She was also highly effective in the trio of the finale, as well as the famous sestette. In the whole of the concerted music, indeed, Corbari was admirably efficient, and this careful attention to an important department, so often slighted, cannot be too highly commended in a young artist, and one too who has already been so much flattered by the warmly-expressed admiration of the public and the critics. In person Mlle. Corbari has also (if possible) improved, and is now, if we may be permitted to say it, as lovely a specimen of blooming womanhood as ever graced the boards.

Madame Persiani's *Zerlina* is so well known as to demand but little notice from us here. She sang on Thursday in her usual style, but evinced her ordinary custom of interfering with the text, and marring the music by inconsiderate embellishments, which in Verdi is agreeable, in Donizetti tolerable, in Rossini annoying, and in Mozart unbearable. The "Batti Batti," and "Vedrai carino," melodies so

beautiful and simple that it is sacrilege to touch them, were utterly defaced and annihilated by the heartless indifference with which they were tortured and elaborated by the singer. She obtained an encore, however in the duet "La ci darem" with Tamburini, in spite of sundry vocal improprieties, but a faint attempt to *bis* the "Batti, Batti" was successfully opposed. Madame Persiani's acting was distinguished by great *naïveté* and intelligence; in this particular we hold that this clever cantatrice has been greatly underestimated.

Mario, we have already said, was enthusiastically received. He was in delightful voice, and never in his whole artistic career sang so beautifully. He was rapturously encored in the "Il mio tesoro," which was one of the rarest exhibitions of pure vocalization ever heard. A whole page might be written upon the beauties which are profusely scattered through this triumph of the singer's art. The expression is as chaste and pure and natural as the execution is refined. The thema delivered with appropriate quietude, *mezza voce*, contrasts finely with the bold energy that marks the utterance of the forcible passages, and the facility with which the florid passages are articulated shows that Mario's voice is quite as flexible as it is powerful and richly toned. Here the surprising volume of tone developed in the passage beginning with a long swell on F, followed by a shake on A, and climaxing with a tremendous B flat in alt from the chest,—better than ever was the celebrated "*ut de poitrine*," of Duprez—produces an effect that without hyperbole may be pronounced electric.

Tamburini's *Don Giovanni* is certainly his greatest performance, nor has it been surpassed, in our recollection, on the lyric boards. It embodies all the ease, grace, and elegance of the finished gentleman, and unites the boldness of the libertine with the high bearing of the courtier. It is, in fact, a performance conceived in a spirit of truth and beauty, and represented with amazing skill. The scene with the Ghost is positively a *chef-d'œuvre* of art. Tamburini's singing was as fine as we heard it for years. He was encored with Persiani in the first duet, and in the serenade, "Deh vieni alla finestra." At the end he was called for and loudly cheered.

The band and chorus were complete at all points, and evidenced first-rate training; in short, they were what might be expected from Mr. Costa's band and chorus in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (where, by the way, the chorus is an (effective) interpolation). Passing over the magnificent *ensemble* of the first *finale*, and the general efficiency exhibited throughout the opera, let us specify, as remarkable instances of particular excellence, the perfect intonation of the wood instruments in Corbari's first air, and the exquisite manner in which the *pizzicato* accompaniment to Tamburini's serenade was played by the first violins; it was as one instrument.

The last scene, however, was indifferently contrived. The getting rid of the tables was ill managed, and the delay necessitated by their removal caused a gap in the scene which was by no means favourable to Mozart's music or Tamburini's acting. The old plan of having the tables let down through the stage was much better; or why not place them differently, so as to save the necessity of their removal?

The first act of *Le Diable à quatre* concluded the performances of the evening.

To-night the *Puritani* will be given, and Marini make his first appearance. Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini play their old parts.

#### APOTHEGMS.

VII. Men are convinced—Women persuaded.

#### EPHEMERIDES.

No. 4.

WITH feigned love, as with a forged key,  
Thou hast unlocked the treasures of my heart,  
And squandered on thy reckless vanity  
Confiding love, the soul's most precious part.

My hungry heart, by thy fair show allur'd,  
Within thy heart has found no promis'd food.  
His blighting curse be on thee, at whose word  
The barren fig-tree withered as it stood!

No. 5.

Ah strive no more thy love to hide,  
In vain wouldest thou conceal it;  
The truth that's by thy tongue denied,  
Thy glowing cheeks reveal it.

Dost think that thus I only press,  
To sin that I may drive thee?  
If love be sin, thy sin confess,  
And with a kiss I'll shrive thee.

#### ARISTOTLE ON POETRY.

NEWLY TRANSLATED, FROM THE EDITION OF F. RITTER.

(Continued from Page 227.)

CHAPTER [XVII].

I. CONCERNING the other parts of *tragedy* (a) enough has been said; we have now to speak concerning the diction and sentiments. With respect to the sentiments, let that suffice which is said in the books on rhetoric; for this matter rather belongs to that subject. Whatever is to be produced by a speech belongs to sentiment.

II. This is partly proof, partly refutation, partly the excitement of the passions—such as pity, fear, anger, and the rest, together with exaggeration and diminution.

III. It is manifest that in the incidents of *tragedy* the same sources must be used as in oratory, where things are to be exhibited as pitiable, or dreadful, or great, or probable. There is only this difference, that in the incidents these things ought to appear without exposition, while in a speech they should be prepared by the speaker in his speech, and arise in consequence of that speech. For what would be the use of an orator if without his speech things already appeared pleasant? (b)

IV. With respect to diction, one part of its theory concerns the forms of enunciation, which belong to the histrionic art, and those who are its professors, such as the proper mode of commanding, praying, relating, threatening, interrogating, answering, and the like.

V. From the knowledge and ignorance of these matters, no material blame can attach to the poetic art. For who would suppose there is any real fault when Protagoras utters a censure, because *Homer*, intending to supplicate, expresses a command in the words, "Sing, oh, Goddess, the wrath," &c. (c) This order to do or not to do anything is, he says, a command. Therefore, this subject may be dismissed as belonging to another art than the poetic.

#### NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

(a) The other parts, it will be recollect, were fable, characters, spectacle, and music, some of which were very briefly dismissed.

(b) This section is not treated in the same manner as by Twining, who considers the appearance, without exposition, to belong to the drama, and the rest to oratory. Now in the drama there is creation of pity, &c., without oratory, viz., by the incidents themselves, and also the creation, by means of eloquence in the speeches. The difference, there-

fore would seem to be, that the mere orator employs but one means (that of speech), while the tragedian employs both.

(c) It is supposed that this absurd cavil, as to the use of the imperative mood, was uttered by the sophist, Protagoras, not in earnest, but to show his ingenuity.

(To be continued.)

### SONNET.

NO. LXXX.

If thy will falter ere it can declare  
Its own true essence;—if its course be bent,  
Ere it accomplishes its grand intent,  
And lays the hollowness of all things bare;—  
If, caught but for a moment in a snare,  
It should forget the cause for which 'twas sent;—  
If aught should make it tremble or relent;—  
If passion sway it, or if terror scare:—  
Thou art a slave; the chain that holds thee fast  
May press with such light touch as to conceal  
Its pressure—thou' mayst fancy thou art free;  
Dream for a while;—the time will come at last,  
When thou the adamantine grasp shalt feel,  
And learn how vain thy vaunted liberty.

N. D.

### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE third concert, on Monday, was well attended, in spite of the Chartists. The programme was as follows:—

#### PART THE FIRST.

Sinfonia in D, No. 18.	-	-	-	Haydn.
Air, "O God! have mercy" (Saint Paul)	Mr. Calkin.			Mendelssohn.
Concerto in C Minor, pianoforte, Madame Dulcken.				Beethoven.
Chorus of Dervishes, "When thou didst frown" ("Ruins of Athens")				Beethoven.
Overture ("Struensee.")	-	-	-	Meyerbeer.

First time of performance in this country

#### PART THE SECOND.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7.	-	-	-	Beethoven.
Aria, "L'Addio," Miss Duval.				Mozart.
Quartett and Chorus (from Schiller's Poem "To the Sons of Art")				Mendelssohn

First time of performance in this country

Overture, Der Berggeist.	-	-	-	Spohr.
Conductor, Mr. Costa.				

The symphony of Haydn was hardly worth its place in the concert; it is monstrously *rococo*. The execution was perfect, and no wonder, since there was so little to execute. Mr. Lucas, *primo violoncello*, gained a round of applause for an *obligato* in the *adagio*, an air with variations; and the *minuet* and *trio* were encored. But notwithstanding all this the symphony produced no real sensation, and was generally voted out of character with the times; there are so many fine symphonies of Haydn which are rarely heard, that it was a pity to throw an opportunity away on one so very small and feeble.

The air from *St. Paul* is a masterpiece of pathos; but pathos is not the forte of Mr. Calkin, nor does the quality of his voice lend itself to the intensity demanded for its fit expression.

Madame Dulcken has not been heard at the Philharmonic concerts these two years; her reception was highly flattering. She played the C minor concerto with great brilliancy, and with a thorough sympathy for its numerous and transcendent beauties. As an expositor of classical music Madame Dulcken came out of the ordeal covered with laurels. Her performance was followed by great applause.

The wild and picturesque chorus from the *Ruins of Athens* was executed with astonishing power and precision. It was encored with *vehement* acclamations. This marvellous composition, at once a *chef d'œuvre* of art and a glorious inspira-

tion of genius, is sung in unison throughout by male voices and has an effect to which no words can do justice. Verdi and his school—if he has originated one—may take a hint from this wondrous work, and learn how to vary the insipidities and trivialities of those *unisons*. *The Ruins of Athens* is a masque written by Kotzebue, to which Beethoven composed an overture and incidental music. The whole of this music is now published.

The overture to *Struensee* did not exhibit Meyerbeer's powers as an instrumental writer in a superior light: nor was the band heard to the greatest advantage. The effect was far from satisfactory. The first movement in D flat is a Swedish air, interspersed with *remplissages* to fill up the gaps between each *reprise*. The *allegro*, in C minor, is long, ambitious, and extravagant, with an exorbitant deal of instrumental pomp, and a singular straining after original effects. The subject of the first movement is introduced in various forms, and the overture concludes with a *coda* for the whole orchestra, the Swedish melody being given in double *fortissimo*. But a work of Meyerbeer deserves a second hearing before we arrive at a final decision as to its merits. The *Times*, in its article on the performance, gives the following account of the drama to which Meyerbeer's overture and incidental music are written. "*Struensee*, a tragedy by Michael Beer, a relative of Meyerbeer, was written for, and produced at the Berlin theatre, two or three years ago; Meyerbeer wrote the overture, choruses, and *entr'actes* expressly for the occasion. The hero of the tragedy was a German physician, who rose to the dignity of first minister of the crown of Denmark in the reign of that Christian who married the Princess Matilda of England: of her Struensee became enamoured, and being subsequently suspected of abetting a conspiracy against the king, was accused, arraigned, and executed. Herr Beer, in his play, has interwoven the chief incidents of Struensee's later career, and the catastrophe of his death."

After the first part the National Anthem was executed by the band and chorus, the first bar of which caused the audience to rise *en masse*, and to burst forth into loud and protracted acclamations, which accompanied the performance to the end, and became so enthusiastic and tumultuous as to necessitate an *encore*.

Beethoven's symphony is one of the grandest efforts of his genius. It is truly a miracle of art and inspiration, from beginning to end. The performance, generally good, was open to few objections. The *rallentando* at the close of the introduction might have been more decided, and the *reprise* of the theme of the *vivace* might have been more in tune. The time of the *allegretto* was too slow throughout, especially at the commencement. On the whole, however, the symphony was very finely executed. The extreme *pianissimo* which M. Costa contrived to obtain at the opening of the fugue in the *allegretto*, and the immense fire and enthusiasm infused into the *scherzo* and *finale*, was worthy of the highest praise, and elicited rapturous demonstrations from the entire audience. This wondrous composition, as it is oftener heard is more appreciated. The beauties which appeared *cavare* at the first hearing have grown with each performance, and are now relished with a rare and epicurean delight. By the cultivated visitors of the Philharmonic no work of the great master is now more thoroughly prized.

Miss Duval received most encouraging marks of approval from the audience for the graceful and expressive manner in which she rendered Mozart's delicious aria.

Mendelssohn's quartet and chorus, a musical illustration of Schiller's "Sons of Art," was composed for the first meeting of

the Deutsch-Flämischen Sängerfestes, alias, the German and Flemish Choral Societies, which was held at Cologne in 1845. It is written throughout for male voices only, with accompaniments for a full brass band of trumpets, horns, trombones, ophicleides, and tubas. It was executed at Cologne, in the open air, by 2500 voices, with the addition of a commensurately proportioned brass band. The effect was tremendous. We are inclined to think that the performance of such a work is entirely out of place in a room. The effect was so stunning on Monday evening that we are hardly able to adjudicate with any certainty as to the merits of the work itself. We gathered enough, however, to be satisfied as to its grandeur and solemnity, and to feel convinced that it is replete with noble melodies; and that in magnificence of style, and in the arrangement for the instruments and the voices, it is worthy of the great master. The work is divided into three movements, the characters of which are contrasted with great skill. The sentiment of the poetry—never lost sight of by Mendelssohn—is preserved in this instance with singular felicity and truth. The performance was entitled to praise; but the band and choir had but one rehearsal, and as a matter of course perfection could hardly have been the result. As it was the first time of performance at the Philharmonic, a little more care might have been observed in the production of so important a work, and a better place assigned it in the programme. We shall await its next performance before hazarding further remarks.

Sphor's glorious overture was splendidly performed, and made an admirable conclusion to the concert.

#### THE MUSICAL UNION.

THE second meeting, on Tuesday afternoon, was attended by a host of fashionable amateurs, and many professors of distinction, among whom we noticed Charles Hallé, Herrman, Molique, and other celebrated artists. The programme provided by Mr. Ella was excellent in all respects, comprising specimens of three great schools, by three of the greatest masters. We subjoin the particulars:—

Quartet in F, No. 8, two violins, viola, and violoncello; MM. Deloffre, Goffrie, Hill, and Piatti—*Mozart*.  
Sonata in D, op. 58, pianoforte and violoncello; Mr. Sterndale Bennett and Signor Piatti—*Mendelssohn*.

Lieder ohne Worte, pianoforte; Mr. Sterndale Bennett—*Mendelssohn*.  
Quartet in C minor, No. 4, two violins, viola, and violoncello; MM. Deloffre, Goffrie, Hill, and Piatti—*Beethoven*.

The performance of the first quartet was remarkable for neatness and precision. M. Deloffre, who ordinarily officiates as *violino secondo* at Mr. Ella's meetings, is a careful and conscientious artist, and proved himself fully competent to occupy the first post with distinction; his execution is very brilliant and certain, his tone agreeable though not large, and his style sensible and devoid of affectation. Mr. Goffrie, who took the second violin at this meeting, is one of the best readers of classical chamber music, and the intelligence which gives a charm to his style is aided by a solid and dexterous mechanism. Of Hill and Piatti it is unnecessary to speak; their praises have been sung till the voice of Praise has become husky. The quartet in F, though a beautiful and ingenious composition, scarcely soars so high as others of Mozart; we nevertheless like to hear it occasionally, and as it is rarely played in public, are obliged to Mr. Ella for introducing it into his programme.

Mendelssohn's fine sonata, of which we have frequently spoken in terms of unqualified admiration, never pleased us more than on Tuesday. Mr. Sterndale Bennett was in capital

vein, and played with wonderful power and animation; in Signor Piatti he found a worthy co-operator; both these accomplished artists being quite up to the mark, the performance, as might be imagined, was magnificent. The delicious *Allegretto Scherzando* was rendered with singular *verve* and intelligence, and quite enchanted the audience, while the impressive *Adagio* produced a more solemn but not a less vivid sensation. The whole sonata was a treat of the most refined order.

Mr. Sterndale Bennett selected the E major from book 2, the A flat (*duet*) from book 3, and the C major from book 5, as examples of the *Lieder ohne Worte*: he played them as Mendelssohn himself might have played them, and in the last, especially, a superb specimen of brilliant and rapid fingering, was greeted with acclamations of applause.

The quartet of Beethoven was admirably executed. This is one of the best of the first set, in the beauty and variety of its themes, their masterly treatment, and the brilliant effect of the whole.

At the next meeting we are to have Molique, and Charles Hallé. Mendelssohn's wonderful *quintet* in A major, for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, will be a prominent feature.

#### "A WORD WITH THE FAST MEN."

London, April 13th, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—So long as the *fast* men, for I cannot call them the *fast* school, of modern literature, confined their attacks to literary celebrity;—so long as the Smiths, Reachs, Brookes, and others of the same calibre, contented themselves with settling the fact that Shakspere was a fool, and Milton a bore, Carlyle a mere nobody, and Tennyson an invaluable subject for parody—while one of them attempted to defile that exquisite poem, the "Lady Godiva," by treating it in this last fashion, and another would certainly have *gone at*—I use an elegant diction of their own school—the "Paradise Lost," but for its length—while one and all devoted themselves to the great and glorious task of demolishing all literary reverence, I held my peace. I was afraid of being sacrificed to Nemesis by their indignation. The withering sarcasm, the profound learning, the wondrous variety, the daring originality of thought, at the command of the *fast* men dissuaded me. I said to myself, "Shall I pat Shakspere on the back, or take Milton's part against so hard-fisted a fellow as Brookes, or so scientific a demolisher of a dead man's reputation as Smith," and a regard for my own bones made me dubious. Doubt is cowardice, and cowardice runs away. Great as was my inclination to take the part of that poor devil Shakspere, my courage, like that of *Bob Acres* "oozed out of my fingers," and to my shame be it spoken. I believe Smith and Brookes and Reach, who are the three great leaders of the *fast* men, have so completely knocked up the Elizabethan system, that henceforth there is to exist no such an anomaly as a new five-act play. Everything but a translation of the *Tour de Nesle* is henceforth to be of the length they chiefly affect themselves—two acts—an admirable length because it requires so little plot—or in the new style of Alexander Dumas, which concludes the fourteenth or fifteenth act on the second evening, an invention based on the same principal as that adopted in the dramatic writings of the *fast* men. No brain being able to follow a plot out to such a length, a bold course is taken and constructive ingenuity entirely dispensed with by the illustrious inventor.

Having therefore stood by a silent spectator while all this was being done—having seen venerable reputations torn from

the earth and scattered to the winds—having heard a *gent* in check trowsers declare Shakspere “*d—d slow*,” in a trip he was making to Boulogne, under the impulsion of a few worldly anxieties that rendered his residence in London disagreeable—and having seen the new literature root itself in the breeches pockets of the public, if not in their hearts, you may naturally ask what should move me into unwonted gallantry at this moment, and induce me to encounter the possible derision of the mob and the hatred of the *gents*, who, like the dandies of Brummell’s day, fashion themselves on the type of their great leader, Smith, adopting his prejudices, modes of speech, cut of hair, and style of covering, with a sublime and devotional adulation worthy of the Indian devotee who immolates herself under the car of his god. For they know that Smith is a cunning prophet, and guides them to their destruction, falling vindictively in print upon the very check trowsers and head of hair of which he first set them example.

But I will answer your question candidly; Lindsay Sloper has moved me to this deed. What is Lindsay Sloper to me, or I to Lindsay Sloper. He is a respectable individual, whom I have met—for I like to be accurate—three times, on each of which interesting occasions we had a conversation about the weather. Personally I do not care two straws for Lindsay Sloper. But this gentleman is a pianist of very considerable powers, who being a slow individual has a sneaking liking for Beethoven, and occasionally plays some of his music in public. The very fact of this musician’s having been quietly entombed some years since was enough to settle the question, with the *fast* men, “*Rococo, obsolete, mystic, tedious, wearysome!!!*” chorussed the *Pastorale*, which they supposed to be an overture—“*Humbug, trash, unbearable, detestable!!!*” were the exclamations which followed the *Adelaida*, which they supposed to be a symphony—and a determination was formed to put down Beethoven and Lindsay Sloper. Unfortunate Lindsay Sloper! More unfortunate Beethoven!!

Lots were drawn for the new labour decided on by the *fast* men. I must not commit a breach of confidence by naming the chance-chosen hero. Suffice it that he has done the business. He has written a half-dozen verses in a penny periodical, which have demolished Lindsay Sloper, Beethoven, and classic music as clean as if they never had been. Like a dream of night they have passed away from the art. A polka by Jullien and the band at the *Casino* represent the modern school of music, which the *fast* men are about to install in their place.

Now you know I am a peaceable man. I submitted to the demolition of Shakspere. I endured the attempt to turn Milton into ridicule. I never remonstrated when I was myself pronounced slow. But when these jocular gentlemen interfere with my amusements, when they annoy me in my personal predilections, I wax warm, and the result will be what my *fast* friends would call a *skrimmage*. I express myself in this style, as it is dubious whether the *fast* writers understand English; they so continually adopt the gentish and cockney dialects, and I should regret their non-comprehension of my intentions, which are, heedless of the ridicule or the silent contempt to which I may be exposed on the part of the *fast* men, to lend common sense a helping hand to put down a nuisance now becoming a crying one. I shall therefore beg you next week to insert a letter on

BROOKES v. BEETHOVEN.

You see I put the greatest name first. However, “little

one” as the last is he shan’t be put upon. I will follow this if you have no objection with

SMITH v. SHAKSPERE,  
REACH v. RAPHAEL,

and a dozen other subjects, which are at your service. I feel I shall be “smashed to eternal smithereens” by these great men. If so, dear friend, I shall trust to you to pick up my pieces, bury me decently, and put on a scrap of crape. At present adieu, and do not weep for me; I am self-devoted and run open-eyed on doom.

CHARLES G. ROSENBERG.

N.B.—How about Berlioz?

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

NO. IX.

WORD of woe is useless pain,  
Falling tears are idle rain,  
Grief buys back no debt again,  
Looker back looks back in vain.

He who labours may forget,  
Done in sin will purge in sweat,  
Act alone can cancel debt,  
Looker forward cometh yet.

Penitence may cleanse no stain,  
Washed in tears will still remain;  
Never toil and sweat were vain,  
Doing purges Done, again.

NO. X.

QUESTION thou the word within thee,  
Let no other answer pain thee;  
Best of praise is spoken in thee,  
Seek none other to obtain thee;  
Only censure in thee learn thee,  
To no other judgment chain thee;  
On thyself thy laurels earn thee,  
Care thou others none to grieve thee;  
Staff of strength from in thee take thee,  
Other is not to sustain thee;  
Thine own world within thee make thee,  
God of thine own will to reign thee.

C. R.

N.B.—No. 9 has been reprinted in consequence of the misprint of the first stanzas in the preceding number of the *Musical World*.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

SADLER’S WELLS.—This theatre closed on Thursday evening, after a prosperous season of eight months. The design of removing the company to Bruges during the summer has been abandoned, and it is said that extensive alterations in the interior of the theatre are in contemplation. Amply as the management have redeemed their pledges, more remains to be done ere this theatre can take that rank in public estimation which every true friend to the national drama must wish, and may now reasonably expect. While the two national establishments of the metropolis have been wrested to purposes, wide as the poles apart, from their legitimate ones, who, without a blush, could direct an intelligent foreigner to these small suburban temples of the Muse as the only home now left to Shakspere and his mighty brother-dramatists? It is not our intention, however, to go further into this subject at present, but with our hearty thanks to the directors for the vigour and intelligence which have characterised their management, and wishes as hearty for a continuance of their well-merited success, we bid them adieu until August.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. Macready concluded his engagement last night with the performance of *King Lear*. The eminent tragedian has, we understand, entered into an engagement with Mrs. Warner to appear for a limited number of nights at the Marylebone. The enterprising manager has been busy with his Easter speculations. A new opera is in rehearsal for the charming Anna Thillon; and a new grand, romantic, phlogistic, and antiscorbutic extravaganza, from the joint efforts of Charles Kenney and Albert Smith is in active preparation.

FRENCH PLAYS.—We have had little novelty this week, a rare occurrence at this theatre, where the critic ambitious of recording each new piece brought forward enjoys no sinecure. Except the restoration of the *Chevalier de Guet*, exceedingly well played by MM. Cartigny, Montaland, and Lafont, and that of *Cathérine ou la Croix d'or*, one of the most interesting little pieces we have had the good fortune to witness, and one that will bear seeing many times, we have only to submit half of a piece new to this country, entitled *La Dernière Conquête*, to the ordeal of criticism. All we intend to say on the matter is, that the first half is most amusing, and if the second, interrupted on Monday last by the sudden illness of M. Jourdain, correspond to it, we shall declare ourselves perfectly satisfied. The unfortunate cause of the interruption came on, in evident pain, and suffering most acutely; he attempted to speak his part, and was obliged to let himself sink into an arm-chair; we thought it was all right, and part and parcel of the performance, when the poor actor mustered sufficient strength to rise and crawl off the stage; of course we now saw how things stood; the curtain fell, and a member of the company, little accustomed to public speaking, at least to say anything but his part, came forward to announce that *Les extrêmes se touchent* would be substituted for the unfinished vaudeville. We invite all who love a pretty, pathetic, and well-told tale, to see M. Lafont in the part of Austerlitz, in *Cathérine*; *ou la Croix d'or*. Pathos and humour are so admirably combined, that you are inclined to laugh and cry in one breath. Madame Paul Ernest also threw much interest into the part of *Cathérine*.

J. DE C.—

#### AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE programme of the fourth concert which took place on Friday, April 7th, was as follows:—

##### PART I.

Overture, "Jubilee"	-	-	-	-	Weber.
Symphony, G minor	-	-	-	-	Mozart.
Hunting Chorus, "Seasons"	-	-	-	-	Haydn.
Hungarian March, "Faust"	-	-	-	-	Berlioz.

##### PART II.

Symphony, D, No. 2	-	-	-	-	Beethoven.
Preghiera, "Mose in Egitto"	-	-	-	-	Rossini.
Overture in D	-	-	-	-	Bernard Romberg.

Conductor, Mr. Charles Lucas.

The band consisted of sixty-five amateurs and twenty-nine professors, the amateurs holding all the principal situations. The chorus was composed of amateurs, assisted by the young ladies of the academy, and about a dozen professors. The symphonies and overtures were played with plenty of energy, especially the magnificent G minor, by Mozart, which was very creditable in the amateurs to attempt. Berlioz was enthusiastically received. His spirited march, directed by himself, was played with immense zeal and such effect, that a spontaneous and unanimous encore was the result. Rossini's

*Preghiera* was similarly complimented. It was very efficiently performed by the chorus, assisted by Misses Ransford and Salmon, Mr. Thomas Knox Holmes, an intelligent and clever amateur, and Mr. W. H. Seguin, an intelligent and clever professor. The next concert takes place on Friday, the 28th. Among other interesting features in the programme (already issued) are a symphony in B flat, by Lucas, and Balfe's overture to *Falstaff*. The former we recollect admiring very much twelve years ago, the latter we have never heard. We are anxious to judge the merits of both.

#### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE *Elijah* was performed on Wednesday evening at Exeter Hall, and attracted a very large audience. The principal vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Duval, Miss Stewart, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Peck, Mr. J. A. Novello, and Mr. H. Phillips. Mr. Perry conducted, and Mr. Miller presided at the organ,

Mendelssohn's great masterpiece has now been performed seven times by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and yet so far from any improvement being evidenced, truth compels us to aver that we behold manifest symptoms of retrogression. This is not as it should be. The Sacred Harmonic Society will never advance its reputation in public estimation, nor even uphold that which it has already established, unless it apply the shoulder to the wheel with more energy than it has hitherto done. We speak with the best feelings towards the society, and trust that the authorities will not let their wisdom slumber while the spirit of reformation walks abroad.

The important question of the conductor-ship is still unsettled, and calls loudly for discussion. Things cannot go on as they are, and unless a move be made in the right direction, the consequences may be disastrous. Mr. Hullah is not to be overlooked; nor is the New London Sacred Harmonic Society to be despised, albeit it has erected its banners under the guidance of the rejected Mr. Surman. Justice to all parties is our motto, and our object is the advancement of art independent of any partizan feeling or prejudice. We therefore repeat—the question of the conductor-ship calls loudly for discussion.

#### BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

THE second meeting took place on Monday evening, the 8th inst. The attendance was very numerous. The following was the programme:—

Quartet in D major, No. 3, op. 18.
Quartet in F major, No. 7, op. 58.
Quartet in C sharp minor, No. 15, op. 131.

The first was composed in 1791, and dedicated to Prince Lichnowsky; the second in 1808, dedicated to Prince Rasumowsky; the third in 1824-5, dedicated to Baron Stutterheim.

Sainton led the first and third; Molique the second; Hill and Rousselot sustaining their accustomed places. *Tout à tres bien marché*. The players were in good play, the audience in good humour, and general satisfaction was the result. The next meeting is on Monday evening.

#### THE OBSERVER AND THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

[As a set off to the letter of our correspondent, published last week, but which should have appeared a week earlier, we

have extracted, in justice to the musical critic of the *Observer*, the following remarks in the notice of the performance of *Semiramide*. We wish to do justice to all parties.]

"The 'opera,' *par excellence*, commenced on Tuesday night, for Grisi was the prima donna. The presence of this gifted vocalist gave its natural *éclat* to the performances.

Grisi, upon her appearance as *Semiramide*, was received with a torrent of applause, indicative of the estimation in which she is held, and how little her répute has been affected by younger competitors. In person she is much the same as before—neither stouter nor thinner, but just such as we have been accustomed to gaze upon for the last eight or ten years. Neither has that miraculous voice of hers lost any of its charm; it is still the superb organ it ever was—still the richest, the truest, the most beautiful, and the most dazzling of human instruments. With all these native attributes in their fullest perfection, what need is there now for a commentary on her *Semiramide*, which has long been the triumph of the lyrical stage, and which, while Grisi lives, will, in all ordinary probability, remain unapproached? Let us simply say that this great artist exerted herself with her customary energy—and the rest, who knows not? A splendid spectacle of tragic impulse is her performance throughout—grand in conception, and equally grand in execution. The famous "Bel raggio" produced one of those outpourings of vocalisation which has long since exhausted panegyric; and in the scene with Assur there was a similar demonstration of consummate art, united with passion the most overwhelming, and acrimony the most withering. In fact, Grisi was there in all her matchless force and supremacy."

"In the part of Arsace, Alboni completely recovered the ascendancy in the popular favour which her recent shortcomings in "*Tancredi*" had somewhat lowered. Her delivery of the music, which lies within the legitimate limits of her voice, was as chaste and delicate as it was in the halcyon moments of her first triumph, and we could wish for, or imagine, nothing more enchanting. All the graces of the best Italian school were apparent in the "Eccomi alfin," and the aria which it prefaces; and her finished performance of the *morceau* in the second act, "In si barbara sciagura," would have met with the encore due to the purest and most refined singing of the day, had not the audience been less enthusiastic than is its wont. The duet with Assur, and the still more popular one with *Semiramide*, "Giorno d'orrore," were rendered with equal claims upon the admiration, the cadence to the latter being one of those masterpieces of dexterous workmanship which few could rival, much less surpass."

[We cannot, however, coincide with the above writer when he mentions Alboni as being lowered in popular favor by her performance in *Tancredi*. On the contrary, we are assured by the best judges, and it is our own decided conviction, that *Tancredi* is the great contralto's greatest part, at least of those in which she has hitherto appeared; as we shall, ere long, endeavour to prove satisfactorily to all unprejudiced readers.]

#### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Saturday, April 1st, Jullien paid his second visit to Manchester this year. His band was by no means so rich in individual performers as it usually has been, many of his fixed stars being now fixtures for the season out at one or other of the two Italian Operas; Barret, Baumann, Prospero,

Lazarus, were absent, and Koenig, Richardson, and Collinet were the only solo instrumentalists. Notwithstanding this great drawback, the prices were raised to eighteen pence the promenade, and three shillings and sixpence the gallery (one shilling and half-a-crown being his usual charges), on the ground of the great attraction and additional expenses of his three vocal stars—Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Miran, and Mr. Whitworth. To judge from the crowded state of the Hall, the Manchester people thought the concert cheap at the advanced price; every seat in the gallery appeared to have its occupant, the seats in the body of the Hall were most inconveniently crammed, and locomotion was by no means easy in the remaining space. We should imagine there must have been some four or five thousand persons present. The concert as a whole did not appear to go off with the spirit that generally characterizes Jullien's concerts, more especially the instrumental portion of it. His last composition—The Swiss Quadrille—whatever may be thought of it by scientific critics, is not calculated to tell so well with a mixed and crowded auditory as any one of its numerous predecessors—the Irish, the English, the Welsh, the Transatlantic, and the British Army and the British Navy Quadrilles: here were always some popular tunes cleverly arranged, which always set sympathetic feet in motion, and produced a hurricane of applause. After the performance of the Swiss Quadrille on Saturday night scarcely a hand was lifted; the descriptive portions exhibit to us a straining after effects which have been better done before, consequently lack the charm of novelty as well as excellence. Another piece of Jullien's composition disappointed us—The Olga, or Princess' Waltz—how far inferior to his Bridal Waltz! of which, by the way, it reminds the hearer. A musical friend suggested to us that it was "the Bridal Waltz turned upside down;" certainly the bouleversement is no improvement. Koenig, Richardson, and Collinet, each did wonders in his respective solo, and obtained the meed of applause. The chief attraction, as we said before, was the solo vocalists. We were anxious to hear the Mr. Reeves whom we remember hearing some short two years at our Theatre Royal, and whom the press in the metropolis have since Christmas elevated to the proud position of the greatest English singer of modern, if not of all, times. We went fully prepared to find that he had been sadly overrated, but we were not prepared for the really marvellous improvement in his execution and in the management of his voice. Formerly he had a vicious habit of forcing it until he shouted; this he has reformed altogether; he does not shout now, even when singing Verdi's music! Still Mr. Sims Reeves lacks much, in our estimation: he does not give attention to the delivery of his words—that art which Graham attained to such perfection (and without which the finest mechanism, style, &c., becomes of less interest to us than one of Koenig's solos) he is sadly deficient in. This was especially remarked in his singing the ballad from Balfe's Maid of Honour, "In this old chair," of which we could catch scarcely another syllable, although sufficiently near him. He has an alternate crescendo and diminuendo too, which on first hearing produces a great effect, as he does it very well, but which he uses much too often. For these reasons, wonderful as Mr. Reeves's high ringing metallic quality of voice is, and great as is the control he has over it, we cannot give our adhesion to the London opinions of him as a tenor singer. He is not a Mario, a Donzelli, or a Graham; he has not the *chest* voice of any of the three; and although his *head* voice enables him to do without the aid of falsetto, he must sing with greater and more distinct expression to be a truly great English tenor.

Mr. Reeves is young; may he reform *this* altogether, as he has done his shouting. Miss Miran must really forgive us; we have devoted so much space to Mr. Reeves that we can scarcely do her justice. She charmed us greatly with her fresh rich quality of voice, although scarcely so deep a contralto as we anticipated, and we joined most heartily in the encore awarded to her in Alboni's *Brindisi*. She has a pleasing person, is evidently very young, and has a promising career before her. Mr. Whitworth is a light bass or baritone singer, of a good school; he has a fine gentlemanly appearance in an orchestra, and his voice is of excellent *telling* quality in tone, though not of great power; a slight lisp is somewhat disadvantageous; still, on the whole, he pleased us much, and sang the "Non piu Andrai" so well as to obtain a very general encore—Mozart's accompaniment aiding no little thereto. To-night Jullien appears with the same party at the Free Trade Hall. Again we wish he may have it as well filled, but have our doubts on that score. On Thursday, the 6th instant, we had two musical gatherings on the same evening—the last meeting for the season of the Gentlemen's Glee Club and the fifth concert for the season of the Hargreave's Choral Society. It is unlucky when such an event happens, and it should always if possible be avoided, as some parties are members of both societies. It was we believe purely accidental on this occasion; and we are glad to learn that in spite of the great counter attraction of "Judas Maccabeus" at the Hargreaves, the Glee Club had a successful and a full meeting, Charles Swain, Esq., in the chair. It being the first meeting since the death of poor Tom Cooke, the performance opened with an Epicedium by Webbe, to very appropriate words (in memory of one whose compositions are so marked a feature amongst our Glee Club programmes.)

Cooke's fine glee, "Shades of the Heroes," and "A Knight there came," were given during the evening; and the Chairman, in a short address, spoke with a poet's zeal and fervour in praise of the departed musician, to whose memory such a tribute was most fitting. The late T. Cooke was an honorary member of the Club, and the last time he honoured it with his presence as a guest we shall long remember as one of the most delightful evenings we ever spent; on that occasion we first heard his fine glee, "Hohenlinden." But we must hurry to the Hargreaves Society, and its greatest concert this season—Handel's "Judas Maccabeus," with Miss Birch, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips, as principal singers. How glad should we be if the Hargreave committee were in a position always to give concerts of so high a character! It is in the Sacred Oratorio that this society stands unrivalled in the provinces, if surpassed in the kingdom. The performance of *Judas* (although a splendid one) as a *whole* did not please us so greatly on Thursday as the one given by the Hargreave some two years ago. The first part went very well this time too: Miss Birch and our townswoman Mrs. Wood, in the duet, "Come, ever smiling liberty;" Mr. Lockey, in the air, "O Liberty," delivered in a chaste pure style that it would have done Mr. Reeves good to have heard (nicely accompanied too in the violoncello obligato by Mr. Thorley, without the Lindley cadenza ad libitum)—were all excellent; and the chorus at times outdid their former efforts, especially in "Lead on, lead on," and in the concluding chorus, "Hear us, O Lord." Time has laid a heavy hand on our old favourite H. Phillips, and he could not reach his own conceptions in a song like "Arm, arm ye brave!" his voice is scarcely equal to such an effort now: and who is there to replace him? Mr. Lockey was overtaxed also in "Call forth thy powers," a song that calls for powers he does not possess. It is only fair to

state, that both Mr. Lockey and Miss Birch were singing the night before at Her Majesty's Concert of Ancient Music, and had only arrived in Manchester shortly before the concert commenced. It is astonishing, under these circumstances, that either of them should exhibit so few symptoms of fatigue in going through so arduous a work as "Judas"—there was not the slightest touch of it. In "From mighty kings," Miss Birch gave it with thrilling power; and in one shake (of questionable taste, by the way) she fairly electrified the audience, who stopped the song (questionable taste again) to applaud. The rest of the second part went heavily. Mr. Phillips was scarcely at home in "The Lord worketh wonders;" nor Mr. Lockey in "Sound an alarm :" and where was the "Trumpet obligato" all the night? The close was redeemed a little by the charming manner in which Miss Birch warbled "Wise men flattering;" and she and Mrs. Wood gave the well-known duet, "Oh never, never bow me down," very satisfactorily. The only encore was reserved for the popular chorus, "See the conquering comes!" in the third part: to give which with effect, a chorus of youths, "four and twenty little boys all of row" were introduced, and were no little proud of the encore, although the delicious style in which the second verse—the chorus of virgins—was given by our first and second trebles had perhaps most share in producing it. Miss Kenneth sings unsteadily, and has much to learn. We were not sorry to see our old friend, Mrs. Winterbottom, take Miss Kenneth's place (she having to go to the Theatre) in the duet with Miss Birch, "Oh lovely peace," which was nicely sung. The "Hallelujah!" Chorus terminated the concert about a quarter before eleven, which is somewhat late—the audience gets tired with a spell of near four hours sacred music; yet there were several judicious curtailments: and whether short or long, perfect or imperfect, we thank the committee for giving us such a work; and the style generally in which it was got up—the band and chorus—reflect great credit upon Mr. Seymour and Mr. Waddington, the leader and conductor. We have not seen a fuller Hall, or a more select audience, this season. Such a work as "Judas," like the "Elijah" last season, had drawn together many true lovers of music, who regularly besieged the subscribers for tickets. The sixth and last concert is fixed for the 18th May—a miscellaneous secular one.

#### MR. AND MRS. KEAN IN EDINBURGH.

(From the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*.)

In the course of their engagement here, Mr. and Mrs. Kean have performed the different characters for which they are chiefly distinguished with eminent success, and generally to crowded houses. Mr. Kean is now admitted on all hands to rank among the first performers of the day; and we have so often done ample justice to his merits, that any farther critique seems only a useless repetition of former praise. The new play of *The Wife's Secret*, in which he has frequently appeared, has been remarkably successful here. On Tuesday night it attracted an overflowing house. On Monday night Mr. Kean appeared in the character of Macbeth, which has been generally thought as one of his greatest efforts, and Mrs. Kean as Lady Macbeth. The character and story of Macbeth has always ranked among Shakspere's greatest achievements. The subject possesses a wonderful depth and sublimity: it is the living embodiment of remorse—of the sorrow that knows no hope. What a terrible reality is in the portrait! what power, what vivid colouring, what an exquisite

finish!—it is truly the mirror held up to nature, and the arduous task of the performer is to give life to this creation of the poet, to give it a local habitation and a name, and this, it must be admitted, is among the highest class of dramatic achievements. The representation of Macbeth by Mr. Kean is one of his most successful efforts, marked by perfect identity with his original, and pourtraying with a depth and power truly admirable, the miseries of guilt's distracted victim. The doubts and irresolution of Macbeth as he is gradually ensnared into the toils of crime, were delineated with force and fine discrimination, that gave character and reality to the scene. After the deed was done, and when Macbeth, in faltering accents, pours forth all the misery of his agonised heart, Mr. Kean gave resistless effect to this expression of woe. In the scene where Banquo re-appears from the grave, he exhibited a boldness and an originality of conception that gave it a most natural and impressive effect; and the moral effusions towards the conclusion of the story, were touched in a tone of solemn grandeur that was peculiarly affecting.

Mrs. Kean performed the part of Lady Macbeth with peculiar grace, and a force and dignity that was highly effective. We will not assert that Lady Macbeth is the character which we would select for the display of that lady's peculiar talents; but in some of the most trying scenes she displayed force and expression, and there is a peculiar grace and propriety in her whole demeanour, that gives a certain degree of interest and attraction to all her performances. In the scene where she is aroused from sleep, her tones were peculiarly expressive and touching.

#### SEMIRAMIDE.

GRISI—VOLTAIRE—ROSSINI.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

THE opera of *Semiramide* was repeated on Saturday with increased *éclat*. We have seldom heard Madame Grisi in finer voice, and the slight indisposition manifested on Tuesday had entirely disappeared. *Semiramide* is Madame Grisi's most perfect embodiment. The peculiar style of her beauty—the flashing eye, the kindling brow, the regal action, and the matured form, all unite in perfecting the historic and dramatic portraiture of that "Semiramis who was the glorious parent of a hundred kings." Little less than such a delineation would render endurable Rossi's ignoble parody of Voltaire's tragedy, though, be it understood, we have but small estimation of the original. We feel unmitigated disgust at the "man Queen," as she is styled by Lord Byron, who has caused the death of one husband, and who subsequently entertains a criminal passion for the son of her other mate. The poetical justice is sought by the death she meets from the weapon of the latter—a species of rider to *Clytemnestra* and *Erypell*. At the period of the first revolution, and during the Early days of the Empire, Voltaire's *Semiramis* was wont to be performed on Sundays as a *tragédie sainte*, and the ghost at "Ninus' tomb" was a source of vast delectation to the Paris Cockneys. This first invasion of the classic propriety of the French stage gave the impetus to the production of the melodramas of the Boulevards, which soon became the text-books of every description of hideous crime and moral abomination. As a testimony of the gratitude he felt for the revival of the Greek dramatists under Leo the Magnificent, Voltaire wittily dedicated his *Semiramis* to Cardinal Quirini and his *Mahomet* to the Pope. Like his modern countryman, Victor Hugo, in the instance of *Lucrezia*

*Borgia* and *Ernani*, Voltaire, upon learning that it was the intention of the then Italian lyrical troupe to convert his tragedy into an opera, wrote a supplicatory letter to the Queen to exert her authority to prevent what the vanity of the author termed *une parodie satirique* upon his literary fame. The Queen interfered, and the satirical parody was not acted. An opera entitled *Semiramide*, written by Metastasio, was composed by Meyerbeer on his first visit to Italy, but it obtained small favour, and has been entirely eclipsed by the splendor of Rossini's fine work. The beauty of the melodies, the magnificence of the *ensembles*, and the infinite means which it affords to the vocal and dramatic powers of the chief characters will always render this opera attractive. Besides which, there are the pride and pomp of barbaric splendour, and gorgeous processions, and the mystic ceremonies of the heathen Babylon, and the picturesque scenery and costumes, which, to those whose souls are not attuned to melody, yet afford food for the eye and material for the imagination.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE HAGUE.—(From a Correspondent.)—I have lately heard, at a private concert, a fair *Cantatrice*, just arrived from Paris, of whom perhaps you, who are not unacquainted with Parisian society, may have heard something. It is Madame Lacoste. Seldom have I listened to a vocalist who united in so superior a manner the charms of a delicious and powerful voice to a style and method pure, finished, and of the best school. I understand that Madame Lacoste has been engaged to sing during the approaching musical season of the Philharmonic Societies of the principal cities in the Kingdom; and that she is also engaged to assist at the concert of the eminent violinist Haumann, which is announced to take place here immediately.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### REMARKS ON CHANTING.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

"I call propriety a law, no less than justice; because both are rules of conduct that ought to be obeyed."—LORD KAMES.

DEAR SIR,—To retain ancient customs, whether right or wrong, is a sad misuse of the understanding, and is unquestionably sinful when they involve subjects of the gravest importance—and none can be more important than the worship of God. If outward decorum be expected of a congregation, how much more is demanded of those who administer grace, and admonish their hearers to walk in the ways of wisdom? We read in Holy writ, that we are not only to "sing, but to sing with the understanding also." Is it, then, wise and rational to chant contrary to the established rules of our language and of common sense? The Clergy may assume ignorance on the subject of music; but they cannot be insensible to the violations committed against the rules of the vulgar tongue. To chant so that the words run at full speed, and then suddenly stop on the prefixes or affixes of some of the less important words in a sentence, cannot be correct, justifiable, or decent; for not only are devotional feelings disturbed by so doing, but the sense of what is sung rendered unintelligible and almost ludicrous. This cannot be right, yet the Clergy are deaf to that fact; and why? Not because they are an undevoted body of men, but, rather, as *Locke* observes, "He that considers is a foe to orthodoxy, because he may possibly deviate from some of the received doctrines there. What one of an hundred of the zealous bigots in all parties ever examined the tenets he is so stiff in (continues the same author); or ever thought it his business or duty so to do?" It must be obvious to all that *musical recitative* is only acceptable for public worship when the meaning of the Psalmist is not merely preserved, but when his sublime language is ennobled by it. Absurd divisions of syllables, sudden pauses in improper places, and the railroad fashion of cramming in many words, cannot be productive of good

results, or even excusable, when the evils complained of are so easily remedied.

The "Nunc Dimittis" will afford us an example of the usual method of chanting. Thus, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant de-part in peace," the sudden stop is made on "de," and the foregoing words are sung at railroad-speed. The effect of this wording on a reflecting mind is no less ludicrous than the reading of a well-known vicar in Lincolnshire, who, with a loud voice, exclaims, "God spake these words and said—then, dropping his voice in an almost inaudible degree, he disposes—God's command with an incredible rapidity." "If, in the "Nunc Dimittis," a slight pause were made in the first word, "Lord," (after which there is a comma,) every word would then be distinctly and properly pronounced. But, in the usual way of dividing this sentence, as much time is spent on the syllable, "de," as ought to occupy the whole sentence. In addition to the want of sense and devotion, the melody also suffers materially in consequence of the "de" falling on an inferior accent of the bar. This infringes on the laws of rhythm; and how a musician can reconcile this to his ears is strange enough; but it only shows that custom sanctions any incongruity. It must not be overlooked, however, that the unnatural method of wording, and the unrhymed musical divisions, render it impossible for a congregation to chant with the appointed singers, because neither order nor time is observed; consequently, this portion of the worship of our church is made only a slovenly exhibition of, either by paid singers or by National School children, who are not taught even to pronounce their mother tongue properly.

Having previously called the attention of your readers to the subject of chanting, I will proceed no further for the present; and will only remark that the single instance here presented is not the worst out of the number of psalms chanted in the Church of England.

I am, dear sir, truly yours,

3, Keppell Street, Russell Square.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

#### CONCERTS.

MR. AND MRS. BRANDT'S Soirée Musicale at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday Evening, was fully and elegantly attended. The programme and performances gave evident satisfaction. The only encore was Haydn's canzonet, "She never told her love," charmingly sung by Mrs. Brandt. It afforded us great pleasure to find this lady's voice after so long an illness quite restored. It told exceedingly well in Spohr's beautiful duettino "Is there a vale," aided by the pleasing voice of Mr. Brandt. Mr. and Mrs. Brandt also joined in a trio by Winter and the quintett from *Figaro*. We must not omit Mr. Brandt's songs, "All through the wood," and "On songs bright pinions" (Sontags and Fruhlingslied), two gems by the immortal Mendelssohn. Miss Dolby was as ever most effective in Mozart's "Al desio;" a finer specimen of impassioned singing could hardly be heard. Mr. Sloper displayed his fine talent in Stephen Heller's brilliant and highly interesting solo, "Caprice brilliant," Op. 27, and not less in Mendelssohn's magnificent trio in C minor, No. 2, in which he was admirably supported by Mr. Willy and M. Rousselot. The latter played also a violoncello "Adagio" with great feeling and delicacy, and was loudly applauded. Two of Mendelssohn's delicious two-part songs—"Gruss," and "Herbstlied" (Nos. 3 and 4 from Op. 63.) were sung with great effect by Miss Dolby and Herr Brandt. There were other things worthy of notice in this concert, but space calls upon us to refrain from further detail.

MR. W. H. HOLMES.—A performance of pianoforte music took place on Wednesday, at the residence of Mr. Holmes, one of our most able pianists and accomplished musicians, when a selection from the works of S. Bach, Beethoven, Bergt, and John Field, was performed by Messrs. F. Weber (a pupil of Mr. Holmes), Noble, Haydon, and the talented *bénéficiaire*. The concert commenced with the first movement of a concerto for two pianofortes, by S. Bach, performed in masterly style by Messrs. Weber and Holmes. One of the greatest treats we have heard for some time was the beautiful cantata, *Adelaida*,

by Beethoven, arranged by Mr. Holmes, for the pianoforte, and performed by him with exquisite taste and refined expression. The novelty of the *matinée*, however, was a sonata by a young German composer, Bergt, for two piano-fortes, which was brilliantly rendered by Messrs. Noble and Holmes. A duet by John Field was given by Messrs. Haydon and Holmes in perfection. A new manuscript capriccio, by Mr. Holmes, introducing the andantino, from the celebrated duet, "Ma Présence," from *Guillaume Tell*, and *Scols wa hae*, was played by the composer, and greatly and deservedly applauded. In addition to the music announced in the programme, Messrs. Noble and Holmes played a duet, by Pixis, in a brilliant style. The concert was well attended, chiefly by ladies.

THE MISSES VAN MILLIGEN gave a concert on Tuesday evening last, at the Albion Hall, Hammersmith. The fair vocalists were assisted on the occasion by Mr. Hime (tenor), Mr. Davis (cornet-a-piston), Master Rippon (pianist juvenile, only 10), and the *petite cantatrice*, Fanny Van Milligen, only 5 years old. The extraordinary little Fanny was, of course, the feature of the evening. She sang four songs, and was rapturously encored in all. Miss Maria Van Milligen, a soprano, and Miss Hester Van Milligen, a mezzo-soprano, sang some duets together with capital effect. Little Rippon displayed considerable abilities, for his years, as a pianist, and played three pieces of Herz, Schulhoff, and Kalkbrenner. The next concert takes place the latter end of May. Mr. Leo conducted with ability.

MR. LUCAS's third Classical Evening for Chamber Compositions took place on Wednesday, at No. 54, Berners-street. The programme provided a very superior musical treat. First came Mozart's quartet, No. 2, Sainton principal violin; next we had Beethoven's quartet, op. 4, Blagrove; after which Mr. J. L. Hatton played on the piano-forte three preludes and fugues of Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn; subsequently, Spohr's duet for two violins, No. 2. of Op. 39, was given with Sainton and Blagrove; and the performance wound up with Haydn's quartet, No. 79. Who can gainsay that this was a splendid entertainment. The performance, in every instance, was first-rate, being confined to Messrs. Sainton and Blagrove, violins; Hill and R. Blagrove, tenors; and Lucas, violoncello. An encore was awarded to the *minuetto, allegretto*, in D minor, of Mozart's quartet. The encore was, however, reserved for Spohr's duet for two violins, which was played to perfection and rapturously received. In Haydn's quartet Mr. Sainton's large and expressive style of playing was brought out admirably in the *Largo Cantabile e mesto*, in F sharp minor. In addition, we have seldom heard any composition more completely and energetically rendered than Beethoven's quartet was on Wednesday evening by Sainton, Blagrove, R. Blagrove, Hill, and Lucas. The audience went away delighted exceedingly.

MISS WHEATLEY's soirée musical took place on Wednesday evening, at the Kennington Assembly Rooms. The singers were Miss A. Hill, Miss Ransford, Miss Stewart, Miss Duval, and Mr. W. H. Seguin. Miss Wheatley performed several pieces on the violin and piano with considerable effect. Such a union of abilities is rare indeed in a lady, especially when they go so far beyond mediocrity. Miss Wheatley and Mr. H. Wheatley performed a concertant duet for two violins, which was received with much favor. The concert was well attended, and the audience signified their pleasure in the evening's entertainment by encoring several of the pieces, vocal and instrumental. Mr. H. Wheatley was the conductor.

## PROVINCIAL.

MASTER RICHARD HOFFMAN ANDREWS.—This young gentleman has been accompanying the once celebrated Master Burke in a musical tour through the United States. The journalists speak of him in the highest terms, comparing him to some of our greatest modern artists; and his reception everywhere appears to have been of the most gratifying character. He has now returned to New York, where he intends for a time to remain.

ATHENÆUM CONCERT ROOM.—The "Infant harpists," the Lockwood family, gave their last public performance in this city, on Saturday afternoon last, at half-past two o'clock, when the large room was respectably attended. The pupils from the Blind Asylum were present by invitation from Mr. Andrews, under whose auspices the concert was given. The young harpist performed several concerted pieces and national airs and were enthusiastically encored. Miss Andrews and her sister Miss E. Andrews sang two duets in excellent style, the first "Sister nymph of the ocean," by E. J. Loder, and "Two merry gypsies are we," by Macfarren. Master Edward Andrews's solo performance on the violin and concertina were much admired, and his accompaniment on the latter instrument to Miss E. Andrews's song, "The blossoms on the blackthorn," was extremely effective. Miss Andrews's voice which has latterly gained considerable power, was heard to advantage in Beethoven's "Per pietà non divimi addio;" it was admirably sung, and well accompanied on the pianoforte by her father. In Linley's "Swiss Girl" Miss Andrews obtained a well-merited encore, and substituted a ballad of Maria B. Hawes, "Oh chide me not, my mother." Mr. R. Andrews's and Mr. Henry Walker's pianoforte duet and accompaniments were highly effective.—*Manchester Advertiser, April 8th, 1848.*

GUILDFORD.—The Collins family gave their first concert here, in the Assembly Room of the White Hart Hotel on Tuesday evening. The attendance was good—Mr. Collins has been a violinist and a leader many years. On their present visit the family have the powerful aid of Julian Adams, the celebrated pianist, in the full pieces performed on the harmonium, from which he produces effect peculiarly his own—He showed its power and variety of tone, in the overtures of "Zampa" and "Oberon," in which the concertante solos from hautboy, clarionette, fagotti, flauto, &c., came out astonishingly. Miss Victoria Collins was encored in "Gaily I sing." The sisters sang a trio, "La Gondollette," also a duet, "The Elfin Call," which were greatly applauded. The violin solo performance of Miss Rossini Collins, and that of her younger sister on the violoncello with much applause. The kettle drums of the youthful genius, Master Collins, an older hand might not be ashamed of. We ought not to omit the duett violin and grand pianoforte (Dohler and Ernst), the violin part by Miss C. Collins, and grand piano by Julian Adams—a clever performance.

NEWCASTLE.—I have nothing to tell you but that the benefit of our popular and excellent comedian, Miss Fitzpatrick is announced for to-night, on which occasion she will appear as Lady Teazle in the *Scandal for Scandal*, a comedy by the late Mr. Sheridan. *Bachelor's Buttons* will follow, in which Miss Fitzpatrick will sustain four characters at once, and the evening will be deserved by sundry vocal and chorographic display. I have send you, probably, an account yesterday.—ED.

## ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 204.)

ALL the parts that form the back of the mouth are in their nature too moveable, under the influence of the muscular effort, to be the mechanical cause of so precise a function as that of the variation of pitch. For where any point of pitch is maintained, the soft palate and its appendage the uvula, may be seen to undergo involuntary movements which, as far as we know, are inoperative upon the voice. We will suppose the reader able to make twenty-four distinct notes, with accurate intonation, fifteen of them natural, and nine falsette. Now, in running through the compass on the tonic *a-we*, in which the articulative mechanism of an open mouth and embedded tongue allows the isthmus of the fauces to be distinctly seen, I perceive no alteration of position in the natural notes, except that of the articulative change when the voice runs into *e-rr*, which forms the obscure vanish of the diphthong *a-we*. There is indeed an unsteadiness in the posi-

tions, but none of that definite gradation in organic changes which is implied in the ascription of the variations of pitch to the motions of the back part of the mouth. In intonating the falsette, discretely, I perceive some change in the palate, but little or none in the tongue, if the vanish *e-rr* is avoided. The change in the palate consists of a convulsive action of the uvula, which starts up, if I may so speak, at the radical opening of *a-we*, and in a moment descends again. This convulsive action is not apparent when the voice ascends by the concrete; though under the use of both scales, the uvula at the highest rise of the falsette is contracted almost to obliteration. That this extreme contraction is not a movement especially productive of the pitch of the falsette I have endeavoured to show above: but am not able to say whether it arises from some associative muscular action, or from some change of the articulative mechanism in the higher notes of the falsette. These then are the remarks I have to offer, in acknowledging my ignorance of the mechanical cause of the quality and of the pitch of the falsette voice. The whispering voice is the constituent of the atonic elements. All the tonics and greater part of the subtonics may likewise be uttered in this mode of sound. The subtonics—*v, z, w, th-en, zh*, when whispered, are not respectively different from the atonics—*f, s, wh, th-in, sh*. The other subtonics may likewise be heard in aspiration; for the whisper of *b, d, and g*, which have been considered by Holder and his followers as identical with the atonics—*p, t, and k*, are distinguishable from them, by a slight gutteral effort of aspiration preceding their final explosion. We are not acquainted with the mechanical cause of *whisper*, as distinguished from *vocality*. It has been ascribed to the operation of the current of air on the sides of the glottis whilst its chords are at rest; whereas *vocality* is said to proceed from the agitation of the air by the vibration of those chords. This however is merely an inference upon analogy, and may claim the rights of probability, but no more.

The whispering voice has its variation of pitch, but under circumstances that distinguish its mode of production from that of the natural and the falsette. It has been shown that the intonation of these voices is not connected with those visible alterations of the mouth, tongue, and fauces which produce articulation, since the whole compass of the voice may be passed through on each of the tonic and subtonic elements. But, if I have not been deceived in my observation, the transit through the scale of whisper is made by taking different elements for the successive steps of the movement: that is, each whispered element is in itself incapable of variation in pitch, whilst its true articulation remains unchanged. For the explanation of this subject, I would designate three modes of the whispering voice. The articulated, which consists in the pronunciation of the alphabetic elements—the Whistled, which has the well-known shrillness of this function; and the Sustained, made by a blowing through the lips, which partakes of the nature of the two former, without having the shrill quality of the one, or the distinct articulation of the other. Now when in Articulated Whisper, the elements are distinctly pronounced, without running into the Sustained mode, it will be perceived that the changes of pitch are really made upon changes of the elements. In the order of articulated intonation of tonics, *oo-ze* is the lowest in the scale, and *if* the highest: the succession by the first, third, and fifth, through two octaves, being upon the seven following elements.

3 5 1 3 5 8  
*oo-ze, a-we, a-rt, e-rr, e-ll, a-le, if.*

If this is the real condition of the scale with regard to its mode

of progression, for so it appears to me, each intermediate note must consist of sounds that resemble those which lay contiguous to it. Thus, when we require a second in the progression, between *oo-ze*, and *a-we*, it must partake of the articulation of both these elements. And of the two sounds for the sixth and seventh, between *a-rt* and *e-rr*, one will partake more of the articulation of *a-rt*, and the other of *e-rr*. But these intermediate sounds do not exist in our language; hence they are not made without careful effort. And thus it is that the intonation of articulated whisper is rarely executed with precision, except on those points which are numbered in the preceding series; since the familiar elements of speech are employed at those points. The pitch of the sufflated whisper appears to be made in the same manner as that of the articulated. For as this sufflation is only a kind of subdued whistling, a husky imitation of the whispered elements will be perceived, when we rise through the scale with it; the *oo-ze* being the lowest sound, and *if* the highest. This sufflated whisper is employed to form the tune of the Jew's-harp; and it is owing to the difficulty in articulating the intermediate and artificial elements, if I may so call them, that persons even of a good musical ear are rarely able, on first trials, to hit accurately more than the third, fifth, and octave on the scale of this simple instrument. The pitch of whistling is also dependent on the same mechanism; since if in this case, as well as in that of sufflation, a thin rod be passed into the corner of the mouth, so as to depress the tongue, the power of ascending the scale will be destroyed. For in the pitch of whistling there is, however obscure, a quality of sound in the lowest note, resembling the *oo-ze*, and in the highest *i-f*; and hence the depression of the tongue prevents the articulation of all those tonics which require the elevation of this member towards the roof of the mouth; and these constitute the greater portion of the scale.

The shrillness of whistling seems to be made by the aperture in the lips. Merely as a subject of analysis, it might be worth inquiry—whether the intonation of the scale of wind instruments is not in some cases altogether produced by the pitch of the sufflated whisper; in others by its combination with the effect of a varied position of the lips,—of a varied force of breath, and,—of the varied ventages or stops. It is well known, that the first seven notes of the key of D on the flute, and their corresponding octaves, are severally, note and octave, made by the same stop. The difference of pitch between a note and its octave, in this case, is produced, not by the position of the lips, nor by force of breath, but by the difference in pitch of the sufflated whisper with which the breath is blown.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY have announced a performance of *The Messiah* (as usual with them in Passion Week) for Wednesday next.

UNION IS STRENGTH.—(*From Punch.*)—Among the new dancers at the Royal Italian Opera, is a Madlle. Thiery. Her *debut* is spoken of favorably by our crotchetty and demi-semi-quaverry friend, the *Musical World*; but it seems to us that in order to achieve perfection, Thiery must have plenty of practice.—*Query*—Is this Theory?

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first concert of this Society will be given on Wednesday the 26th, when *Judas Maccabeus* will be performed for the benefit of the refugee workmen from France. We were present at the re-

hearsal on Monday evening. The attendance of instrumentalists was thin, but the choir was full and efficient. In the course of the evening, the Rev. Mr. Roberts (the chairman) addressed the subscribers, and congratulated them on the aspect of their undertaking. The subscription list already surpassed the hopes of the founders of the Society. The soloists on Wednesday week, will be comprised of many of our leading vocalists. Mr. Blagrove is appointed leader, and Mr. Surman vice conductor.

MRS. PONISI.—It is not true that this eminent provincial actress has signed an engagement with Mr. Webster.

SERIOUS CHARGE.—The *Daily News* is very angry with the management of the Strand Theatre for forestalling that of the Royal Italian Opera by the production of *Haydee*. It even says that the score is not the real one, but a something composed of merely infinitesimal portions of Auber's music, diluted with a great deal of stuff from some one else. This is a serious charge: if true, every one of the actors, aye, even peerless Poole herself, will find themselves some fine morning arrested, for uttering forged notes.—*Puppet-Show*.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. D.—We believe that the arrangements pending with Mr. R. and H. M. T. are off. We are sorry for it, for the sake of both parties.

INQUIRENDO.—If our correspondent cannot understand the poems of "The Philosophy of Life," we are sorry for him.

INDEX.—The question is mal apropos. Index may seek in vain for one who could more deeply realize the sentiments of the composer. The other question is insoluble.

THEMUR.—Our Operatic Stars have only been discontinued from want of immediate material. Ronconi was not named in the Articles alluded to; but the notice on that great artist which originated all the rest may be found in No. 35 of last year's volume.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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